



CARMAGEDDON

THE OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK

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Doubled Up

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The outskirts of Bleak City, Strip mall land...

It's late February, but Christmas never ends in this tack 'em high sell 'em cheap hand-sell centre of commerce...



Ho-ho-holy SHIT!

DING!
DING!



Don't you guys think it's a little early for Hallow...



...eeeeeeen!

THUD!

VRRRRRROOOOOO!



What about now, brother?

Nothing.

I'm still here...

The Brothers Grim.
On a mission...

But death is not the goal of the mission...
Quite the opposite.



Damn!

What is it?

I really thought that if we killed Santa...

What's so special about a fatass in a red suit?

Well... you know... Magic.

The goal is Resurrection.

Resurrection of a brother Grim.

Magic.

MAGIC?

The magic of Christmas..?

Oh...

You're an idiot.



Anyway, idiot brother...

The solution is not a fat man in red.

I now know the solution.

They came to me last night.

They came to me, in a dream.

They came..?

Yes, brother... TWINS.

A brother whose spirit now resides in a wooden dummy.

At least, that's what the living Grim believes.



Mmm... Twins...
Yes, I quite agree.

I really...
do agree...

I entirely agree.
Twins.



Not that
Twins dream,
idiot!



Get your mind
back on the job!

Ah um...
...sorry



Look at these
meatsacks. They don't
try to run so much
these days.



Brother,
we have killed so many
over the years...

Are you sure
there have been no
twins amongst
them?



Well, your hand's
still firmly jammed
up my ass, ain't it.

So yes - I'm
pretty fucking
sure.

Anyway, the kind
of twins I have in mind
are... rare.



...Not only rare,
they also race!

Stiffshifter was set on a
course for the desert wastes...

A workshop, in the desert wastes...

The Terrible Twin...
Newcomers to the
Carmageddon scene.

I'm thinking of
fitting a more

powerful
afterburner.
Do I

agree?
Yes of course -
I was thinking
the

same thing
myself.

I'll email the
Lockhead jet

CLANK!

CLACK!

engine surplus
store later.

BLERT!

Test

Drive!

Their unique
vehicle roars
out into the
vast aircraft
junkyard.

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And before long...



The Grims take evasive action...

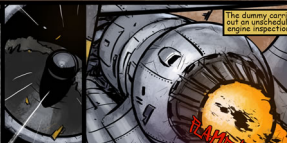


Idiot!
We came
for the soul
of this...

Siamese
freakshow...!

And we are
going to take
it!

One way or
another!



The dummy carries
out an unscheduled
engine inspection...

Meanwhile, the impact sends more wood flying, right out of the back door...



Crashing to rest in front of the Twin.



Is

that..?



That

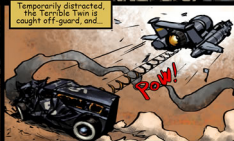
is his

dead

twin.

Die, Twin.

Temporarily distracted, the Terrible Twin is caught off-guard, and...



POW!

Close, but the Twin's design flair saves them...



And each half escapes, into the torn landscape.

Later, back at Grim's Funeral Parlour....



Come ON idiot brother... carve me faster!

I've got a plan...



END